

Again coming back to my idea of all spirit trees feeling Niwen/Nibel's situation, the Village was uncommonly silent today, everything was fine this morning until High shaman felt some disturbance in a tree. He gathered his apprentices in a tent to discuss what happened, other spirits stayed outside while the youngest and most curious ones tried to lean closer to overhear what shamans talked about no one wanted to disturb Shamans. Everyone waited outside until Hight Shaman left his tent followed by his two apprentices, he was old and wise,

Face hidden behind elaborate mask, feathers and amulets covered his body. Everyone look at him waiting for his decision

-It was decided that we must talk to our Ancestors and great spirit tree, we need to know what happened. - He told to audience, and then leaned closer to one of his apprentice younger female spirit who wear more simple mask made out of huge bird skull

-Prepare everything i will be waiting for you both near Sacred root, i need to meditate alone to prepare my self, heh i didn't do it in a while, i think shroom potion is a little bit to much for me now i grew to old, i feel that i will join our Ancestors soon.

Apprentice looked at her teacher for a bit with a mixture of sadness and admiration.

-It will be done master. - She said with a small Nod, turned and went to her own tent to gather potions and herbs, other and the youngest apprentice who wore a simple half mask made out of green leaves followed her. One hour later, all three of them meet near a sacred root, it was massive and covered in pictograms and symbols, while maybe it wasn't noticeable at first root had this powerful aura of light around it, you could feel how it shine in the darkness, a simple stone altar was placed near it.

Shaman sat in a meditative pose near this altar waiting for his pupils as they put a wide bronze bowl on top of the altar and then from a decorated mug pour in clear liquid in it, they moved in unison and after the bowl was full they started to light some torches located near it. Shaman picked up bowl and after a deep nod towards root start to drink out of it, after he placed it back on top of altar he slowly start to enter trance he shake from side to side looking upward and two of his apprentices simultaneously light two small bundles of healing roots and envelop shaman in it smoke.

As Shaman breath this smoke his light became brighter deep shine of ancient light start to kindle in his eyes, as he stops shaking and start to gaze with unblinking stare on a spirit root, and as he did so, his apprentices could feel an ancient power emanating from both his master and a root as even root seem to start to shine with bright light, his mind was beyond his mortal Shell it was now among ancestors spirit talking, and searching for knowledge and for answers they need to know what disturbed the tree. With time power only grows with even water in the nearest pond starts to shake. Shaman stood on his foot still not breaking eye contact with a root and spread his arms, even air round him was burning with power, but then in an instant glow stopped and shaman fell on his knees. Two of his apprentices darted to his side to help their master who started to cough violently

- Water, please - Said shaman after he cleared his throat, student in skull mask already holds a cup full of water.

- Something bad happened. - Said Old spirit after regaining some strength

- Old enemy attacked other forest, decay overrun it, we must be prepared. - He tried to stand up but his legs were too weak so his oldest apprentice helped him to stand and walk.

-We need to return to the village and warn others, we can't now help our kin

in that forest but we must prepare as decay is cunning and if it appears somewhere it could spread.

-Is there still hope for this distant forest. - asked youngest apprentice

-Yes I saw it, hope is little, as I saw a small spark against the ocean of decay, but even in the darkest night there is hope.